

Devotional and Selections

THE REVEALING OF GOD.

I've seen Him ride through the heavens at night
With a majesty all sublime;
And the sparks that gleamed from His chariot of fire
Were the stars in the cycles of time.

I've seen Him place a diamond rare
On the breast of the lowliest flower;
As He wrote His name with a rainbow's pen
In sun-colors after the shower.

I've heard His voice in the tempest grand,
As it swept through the forest deep;
And His rain-songs were the lullabies
That sang the world to sleep.

I've seen Him open the doors of morn
And flame the mountains with gold;
And the mists that fettered the valleys low
Like an incense of prayer arose.

I've seen Him draw the fold-skirts of night
And the world curl down to sleep;
And to Bethlehem's heart He draws men's lives,
Who are toiling with weary feet.

LIFE AND DEATH.

The traveler was weary with the journey and paused a little while by the path to rest; and as she sat there one approached and said, "Thou hast only a little farther to go?"

"Only a little farther," she answered.

"Are you not weary with the journey?" asked her new companion.

"Yea, I am; but the journey on the whole has been pleasant and I would not have missed it. I have had many friends and much joy, and great interest in doing my Lord's work."

"Where are thy friends now?"

"Some of them have gone on before me. The others have been with me until a moment ago. I can hear their pleasant voices and almost see them yet."

"But now thou art alone. Art thou not afraid for the rest of the way to go alone?"

"Nay, but I am not entirely alone. One is with me still. His name is Jesus Christ, and he has promised never to leave me desolate."

"I know that One," spoke her companion gently. "I went with him over the last of his way, and now I am come to be thy companion also. Shall we walk on together?"

"Dost thou truly know the way?" asked the traveler softly.

"Yea, I have been over it with every mortal since man began to journey over this road. Thou art not afraid?"

"Nay, what should I fear? I have loved my Lord. I have served his cause. He has given unto me eternal life. What should I fear?"

"What, indeed?" said her companion, as the traveler rose and the two proceeded until they came quite suddenly to a glorious gateway, wherein stood a glorious one holding out a welcoming hand.

"This," said her companion, "is one of the angels of life. He will usher thee into the presence of God." And as he spoke, he vanished.

"Tell me," asked the traveler as she took the hand of the Angel of Life, "who was that who has just departed?"

"That," said the Angel of Life, smiling, "was Death."

"That Death?" she said; "I took him to be my friend."

"And was he not?" said the Angel, smiling again. "Has he not brought you to me, and am I not also your friend?"

"Yea," said the traveler, joyfully, as she entered into the glories of paradise with the Angel of Life, singing: "O Death, where is thy sting? O Grave, where is thy victory? Thanks be unto God, who giveth us the victory through our Lord Jesus Christ!"—Charles M. Sheldon.

A PEACEFUL SPIRIT GIVES HEALTH.

"Never work on till you are seemingly at your last gasp, whether at your business or your pleasure, but rest as you go along. If you forego rest until your work is done, the chances are that you will then be too tired to take it. Get all the beauty-sleep you can. Remember that late hours are fatal to good looks and health, and don't commit the folly of working far into the night, and then wondering why your work is not well done and you feel so good-for-nothing the next day.

"Shield your nerves, and don't let them become too sensitive. Make yourself take life calmly. If you lose a train, don't pace the platform wildly, but inquire when the next train comes in, and sit down calmly to wait for it. That's just what most women don't do; they sit down, perhaps, but they tap the floor with their feet, clench and unclench their hands, and are apparently in a fever-heat of excitement over the arrival of every train that comes in, even though they have been assured that theirs is not due for another half hour. That half hour of waiting means to them a frightful wear and tear of nerves and they are practically weeks older for it. Try to cultivate calmness; but if you can not do that all at once, you can keep your face still."—London Family Herald.

CHRISTIANS SHOULD BE DIFFERENT.

Christians should be different from other people. They are sons of light, and the light should be shining in their lives in all their ways. They should be happier than other people, for they are friends of Christ, are forgiven, are God's children, and have heaven and glory before them. Their lives should be more holy and beautiful than other people's lives, for they belong to Christ. They should be at peace among themselves, loving each other. They should be discouragers of all unbeautiful living and encouragers of the faint-hearted in their efforts to be true. They should be ready always to lend a hand to the weak and should be patient and long-suffering toward all men. They should never return evil for evil, but always be loving and kind, no matter what others may do. They should rejoice always and thank God for everything. They should never quench the Spirit in their hearts. They should let their whole life be given up to God, for His use and keeping.—The Daily Bible.